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the English High School

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THE RECORD

THE ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL
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COMPLIMENTS OF THE BOSTON HERALD

THE ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL SQUAD

WITH THE EDITORS

Your School Paper Deserves Your Support

There is an old saying in the advertising world that a newspaper or magazine depends on its advertisements for its existence. Before advertising, however, comes circulation; for a magazine with a small subscription surely does not attract an advertiser who wants to find a large and profitable market for his product. Therefore, we earnestly ask the support of the student body for the *Record* in order that we may present a sizable circulation as an inducement to prospective advertisers.

Look what we offer you! We have editorials, short stories, sport articles, cartoons, and current happenings in the school. In addition, we have ace photographers to bring the school notables to their public. You can't afford to be without a copy. The price is but fifteen cents. What more can you get from *Esquire*, which is a good magazine, too?

There is another kind of support needed to guarantee a successful year for the *Record*. In order to live up to the high standard set by its immediate predecessor, this year's contributions of literary material must be large. There are, we're sure, some budding Bill Cunninghams and Bob Coyne among the students. Why not use such talents as you possess to publish a better *Record*? It's not a closed corporation; the staff is still tentative; and there is plenty of room for all of you who are willing to submit interesting copy.

E. H. S. Boys Receive Tech Awards

Another instance of English High's superiority was brought to light upon publication by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology of the list of recipients of Freshmen Competitive Scholarships.

Several hundred students from all parts of the country compete annually for these awards which are given to a group of first year students who have high scholastic records and excellent personality marks.

Approximately two hundred students will receive the awards this year. In the Greater Boston district, forty-nine such scholarships were distributed. Of this total, English High graduates received seven. This is the best school record.

The list of awards included the names of the following members of the class of 1936: Arnold Arch, Francis J. Crimmins, Kingsbury T. Jackson, Samuel Rosen, Alvin H. Shairman, Nathan Sherman, and Manoog S. Young.

This is but another example of the high regard in which English High School is held by the colleges and universities of this district. This fact should be a source of pride to all of us and an incentive to greater efficiency on the part of boys who intend to enter higher institutions of learning.

Mr. Pettengill

It is altogether fitting and proper that the editorial staff of the *Record* take advantage of this opportunity to express its appreciation to Mr. Pettengill of the English High School faculty for the able manner in which he has perpetuated the traditions of our school paper.

It would be very difficult to evaluate the time and effort that Mr. Pettengill has contributed to the publication of the English High School *Record*. Unquestionably, the hours spent in planning and directing the efforts of the new staff that confronted him yearly were well-nigh countless. During those hours spent in shaping the destinies of the *Record*, he has been teacher, counselor, guide, and friend.

Other duties have made new demands on Mr. Pettengill's time with the result that he will be unable to continue his supervision of the school *Record*. We know, however, that the high standard toward which his efforts directed our school magazine in the past will continue to challenge our best efforts in the future. Thus will the traditions which he helped to perpetuate through the *Record* inspire us to greater achievement.

E. H. S. Library

Under the capable guidance of Miss Colton, the library started another year of service to the school on September 14, 1936. Because of vacancies due to the graduation of some of last year's members, the following new boys were added to the library corps: Willard Brown, Leo De Lollis, Bennet Gesmer, Philip Nassise, Joseph Pasakarnis, Robert Patterson, Fred Robbins, and Fred Stokinger.

To be eligible for membership in the corps, boys must be on the Honor Roll, have a high personality record, and be recommended by two instructors.

If you have not yet discovered what an asset the school library may be to you, come in and make yourself acquainted with its various books, magazines, and exhibits.

The interesting exhibit now on display, loaned by Edwin Carey of 211A, consists of various types of model aeroplanes. He has revealed unusual ability and skill in the construction of a miniature squadron consisting of more than two hundred aeroplanes.

If you have any hobby which you believe will prove interesting to the student body, your suggestions for the preparation of an exhibit will be welcomed.

Fire Drill

Whenever the fire gong sounds its warning notes, it is imperative that every English High School boy respond with the greatest efficiency of which he is capable. Time and time again we find that the drill is just another routine affair, and we are inclined to become skeptical of its uses. The essential purpose of a fire drill is to develop a trained response on the part of pupils to an emergency the consequences of which may prove fatal.

In a recent school fire in suburban Boston, the prompt, efficient manner in which the pupils carried through their assignments was instrumental in preventing loss of life. On that occasion it was not just routine; it was the real thing. Practice makes perfect; and if there is ever a time that perfection is needed, it is in our response to an emergency. The next time that we have a fire drill, carry it through with traditional English High School efficiency.

Key Room

Anyone who has ever forgotten or lost his locker key knows the superficial functions of the Key Room. There he can secure a key to open his locker immediately, or order a new one to replace the one he lost. Behind the scenes, however, is the task of keeping 4,500 keys, with duplicates, in perfect order. Each key must open its designated lock immediately, despite the complications of code numbers, changed locks, and the swapping of keys.

The senior in charge this year, under the supervision of Mr. Brown, is George E. Kittredge who combines the duties of key man, locker repair man, and C3 lab. assistant.

SHORT STORIES

The Road Back

By JOHN H. CRIMMINS, '37

Tom Boardman sighed, and perhaps the years of longing were expressed in that sigh. As the assistant coach at State, he had helped turn out winning teams. For years he had looked forward to the job as head coach at the big university. But Charley Scott, fresh from unbeaten seasons in the West, had been given the post upon the insistence of influential alumni. Old Tom had drifted about, and finally had taken the position of head coach at Morgan, a small college about one third the size of State.

Tom had just finished reading Bob Green's column. Green was the football analyst for the *Morning Post*, and from coast to coast, his opinions were respected. Boardman had good cause for sighing, for Green printed a gloomy picture for Morgan in his pre-game predictions. Topped by a streamer reading "State Juggernaut Should Roll Over Weak Morgan," his column continued:

"This afternoon at 2:30, the mighty State Team, looking for its second successive unbeaten season, meets little Morgan College, traditional first game rival. Fortified by nine veterans, Charlie Scott's big purple and white team should romp over Tom Boardman's as yet untested squad, which has only four lettermen. These four boys, Boyd, Collins, Evans and Walters, saw service in last year's rout, when State, with practically the same team as it has now, blanked a better Morgan team than this year's, 56-0. The game figures to be just a work-out for the big State bunch, with its scintillating backs and fast charging linemen. Scott, with his usual cockiness, intends to start his second team just to see how the boys react to starting assignments. Boardman, who, by the way, used to be an assistant coach at State before the advent of Scott, will, of course, start his first team to keep the score down. It looks as if he will have to keep them in there all afternoon, for he is woefully weak in reserves.

"The fans will have a great opportunity to size up the State team which many of the experts are

already calling the Eastern Champions." The old coach dropped the paper and gazed thoughtfully out the field house window. "I wonder if we could take some of that cockiness out of Scott," he mused. "It's probably the only way back for me, the only way to bring the alumni to my side. If my fundamentals could beat Scott's flashy offence, the boys might take a fall out of Scott. Oh, what's the sense, we haven't got any alumni."

His reverie was interrupted by the sudden entrance of a student who shouted, "They're ready to go to the Stadium, coach."

"O. K., son, I'll be right with you."

The next day, Tom picked up the *Sunday Post*, this time with a half-smile on his lips. Screaming headlines greeted his eye, and he eagerly read them and Green's comment below.

"Out at the Stadium yesterday afternoon, the 25,000 football pecans who came to see State begin its march to sectional football supremacy were treated to a rude jolt when an out-played but never out-fought Morgan team handed State a 6-0 licking.

"Somewhere on this page, the statistics of the game are given. You'll read that State made 15 first downs and Morgan none. State gained 5 times as many yards by rushing as Morgan; in fact, in every department of football but fight, Morgan was decidedly the underdog.

"In the first quarter, State started as expected. Morgan kicked off and Charlie Scott's charges started down the field. Off-tackle smashes, short passes, long passes, and end runs brought the State second team to within 15 yards of the Morgan goal; but at that point the attack bogged and Morgan took the ball on downs. Collins, Morgan's great punter, quick-kicked on first down and Ormsby, State safety man, was caught flat-footed. The ball was finally touched down by Boyd, Morgan's left end, on State's 10 yard line.

Chronowski of State got away a poor kick, which carried to his own 35 yard line. After two unsuccessful bucks, Doyle, Morgan left-half, faded and threw a long pass intended for Loomis, his left end. The latter was well covered, however, and one of the State secondary was set to bat the ball to the ground.

"At this point, Morgan got the break it needed; for, instead of falling in front of the defensive half, the ball just touched his fingertips and was deflected into the arms of Loomis. Loomis didn't need any more encouragement; he ran like a frightened jack rabbit over the three stripes between him and a touchdown. Collins missed the try for point.

"Scott, State's coach, immediately sent in his first string and the purple and white stands began to settle back. Their owlsh smiles indicated complete confidence in the mighty array. By the end of the first half, however, their smiles were beginning to fade; for Morgan still held its six point edge.

"At the end of the third period, the smiles had vanished completely. Time and time again the highly touted State aggregation rolled into scoring position only to be denied success by the underdog's stubborn resistance. Field goals were attempted twice but blocked both times by Morgan's inspired forward wall.

"After the teams had changed goals at the beginning of the last quarter, State again began to move. Again they were stopped, and again Collins kicked out. Five precious minutes of the period had gone, and State gathered impetus for

another assault on their opponent's line, which was beginning to show signs of fatigue. In six plays the ball was resting on Morgan's six yard line in State's possession. On the next play, the left halfback, Grimes, tossed a short pass to his right end who was on the two yard line. The Morgan secondary, expecting a line buck, was nowhere near the would-be receiver. Grimes had misjudged the distance, but the tall end reached up for the spinning ball. For a split second, he seemed to pause in air, victory in his grasp. In that short moment, the stubborn resistance of Morgan and the desperate last minute surge of State were weighed in the balance. Perhaps it was Fate, perhaps it was lack of fundamentals, we're not prepared to say which, but whatever it was, the balance swung to Morgan. The spiralling oval went berserk in the hands of the end, and fell harmlessly to the ground. After this, State seemed to lose all its spark; and when the gun went off ending the game, the score was still Morgan-6, State-0.

"At this point, we would like to give Tom Boardman, Morgan's canny coach, the praise he rightly deserves. With poor material, he has built up a smooth working, fighting team capable of more than holding its own with the best of the teams under the flashy Scott system. If State is looking around for a coach next year, and we've already heard comment in that direction, we'd like to put in our vote for Boardman right now."

Old Tom settled back in his chair; he was on the road back.

Hits and Bits

"Until the Real Thing Comes Along".....	Waiting for the New Cafeteria
"Did I Remember".....	After a History Test
"Sing, Baby, Sing".....	Block IV, Monday
"I Can't Escape From You".....	Br's Patrol
"Would You".....	Sell a Car Check
"It's You I'm Talking About".....	Our Football Team
"A Rendez-vous With A Dream".....	Block IV, Friday
"Long Ago and Far Away".....	The Summer Vacation
"No Regrets".....	"No School in all Schools in Boston Today"
"Don't Say a Word".....	Study Period
"You Turned the Tables on Me".....	An Unexpected Test
"You Came to My Rescue".....	Bell During Recitation
"You Do the Darnedest Things".....	Freshman in Drill

J. H. C.

The Finishing Touch

JOHN DE PICCOLELLIS, '37

In the men's ready-to-wear department, an amusing reversal of sales procedure was taking place. Snappy fashion-plate Jones, super-salesman for the House of Snedden, was not trying to sell, but was rather endeavoring to prevent a non-descript customer from buying an imported necktie.

It was an unusually distinctive tie. It had been just unpacked, and Jones had been about to claim it for his own when this tall, rawboned man had bobbed in and swooped down on it. However, Jones wanted that tie for Jones; and, being Jones, as the elderly cashier remarked to the stock boy, while they watched the little comedy with interest—nothing on earth would stop him from having it.

"Would you be interested in these blues and browns?" suggested Jones persuasively. "They are subdued in color and in the best of taste."

"No," came an explosive retort. (The gentleman certainly was *not* interested in the blues and browns.)

"I told you I liked this one. I'll take it, too. Wrap it up."

"Very well, sir," said Jones. "But . . ."

"But what?" snapped the customer.

"Well . . . er . . . it's a bit too youthful for you. It's for a younger man. Age aping youth is pathetic . . . not that you're old, sir . . . but" . . .

"But I *am* too old for that particular tie," finished the customer. "That's what you're trying to tell me, isn't it?" From the expression on the shopper's face, Jones gathered that he had struck at his most vulnerable spot.

"Well, here it is. I guess that I don't want it after all. I forget that I'm getting along in years

every now and then. Kind of fancied that tie, too." He eyed Jones speculatively. "Thought it was your business to sell, young man, and to have the firm's interest at heart, and all that sort of rot."

"Not me," grinned Jones. "I tell 'em every time. I make 'em well dressed in spite of themselves. That's going some. Believe me, some one of these days, I'm going places."

"Shouldn't be at all surprised," said the customer, as he disappeared into the elevator.

"That was a mean trick," remarked the cashier as Jones walked up to him, necktie in hand. "In fact, I might go a bit farther and say that it had all the earmarks of a dirty trick."

"Nothing of the sort," retorted Jones. "I wanted that tie for a very special reason. Tomorrow, Snedden, the new owner, is due here; and I'm next in line for promotion to head of the department. First impressions are always lasting, and this tie will be the finishing touch to the perfect get-up. Snedden will be sure to notice this tie. He'll be seeing us tomorrow, and . . ."

"You've got your tenses mixed," said the cashier. "Not Snedden will be seeing you and the tie tomorrow, but Snedden *has* seen you and the tie today. Not the tie will be the finishing touch; but, unless I miss my guess, the tie *has* been the finishing touch."

"What?" gasped Jones. "You don't mean . . ." He swallowed hard.

"Oh, but I do mean. That was Snedden, the new owner, who just went out, and I have a feeling you were dead right when you told him you were going places some one of these days. Personally, I think you'll be going tomorrow."

The Orchestra

The English High School Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Rand, is progressing rapidly. Membership in the Orchestra is open to any boy who can play an orchestral instrument reasonably well. A diploma point is awarded to each member who attends rehearsals regularly. Although there are now about forty members, there is still room in the orchestra for more. Boys who can play the double-bass, trombone, or the flute are especially welcome. All who are interested should see Mr. Rand, in Room 306A.

D. M. K.

The Debating Club

Under the direction of Mr. Moloney of the History Department, the English High School Debating Club is entering its third year. Teams of speakers will soon be chosen from the members. These teams will defend the school against the debaters of the other Boston high schools.

All boys who are interested in public speaking and believe that they have the necessary talent are invited to see Mr. Moloney in Room 211, as there is still room for capable speakers. The Debating teams deserve and should have as much support as the other school activities.

D. M. K.



Corridor Crush

I staggered as into the class I came,
And oh but my feet were sore,
For I had shuffled till I was lame
It seemed an hour or more.
I entered the lists full warily,
Toward the right I tried to bear;
But a freshman scampering merrily
Had beaten me to the stair.

Bit by bit, I edged along,
Peacefully picking my way,
Circling this one, humming a song,
Nodding and smiling "Good day."
Then, with a push and a boost,
I sailed up the stairs so fast
My feet couldn't stop to roost;
For the crowd hurried me past.

They squashed me, they squeezed,
They kicked me, they sneezed,
They caressed my head with a book.
They trod on my toes,
They backed into my nose,
They begrudged me each step that I took.

A youth in the van of this hurrying mill
Added his point to the score.
A book squirted out of my grasp to spill
My notes all over the floor.
I stooped and attempted to grab the same
From hurrying feet, to protect;
But alas, I was butted and caused to complain,
"Youse guys ain't got no respect."
At last I was spewed from that narrow confine,
And down some more steps I skimmed.
And now, safely 'sconced on this hard seat of pine,
I feel like a body unlimbed.

J. H. C.



Mombano

By RAYMOND GARRAN, '38

As we came on deck, we got our first glimpse of Haiti. The sun was just rising over the hill beyond the port of Aux Cayes. The town itself was not in the least imposing, but Frank Cochrane and I felt considerably excited.

"There doesn't seem to be much doing here," I remarked casually to Frank. He was eagerly watching every movement on the docks, and every building whose squalid calcimined front rose in view.

"You never can tell," he retorted. "You can't judge a city by its looks." Our close friendship seemed to enhance our controversies at all times. He was a popular writer in the States then and Haiti always served as a source of good writing material in those days. We had agreed when we embarked at Kingston, Jamaica, to see Haiti from the inside out. This was our chance and despite my sarcasm I was just as eager to see the island as Frank was. At the little hotel, ridiculously named the "Palais Royale," we were given vermin infested lodgings by our host. He assured us that we were getting the best suite that the town of Aux Cayes had to offer.

We were in Aux Cayes no more than a week when we had enough material for enough incredible tales to last us the rest of our lives. Our favorite source was a huge native who was a most perfectly proportioned giant. As I remember it, Antoine was his name. He was the son of a famous papa loa, or voodoo medicine man of the hills. We pleaded with him in vain to let us see one of the voodoo ceremonies, but it was a sacrilege to the Haitians to let a white see their barbaric rituals. Antoine introduced us to his father though, an act that will forever make me regret my coming to Haiti.

One day, when we approached Antoine's small shop on the Rue Inaique, we were to see the store firmly shut up. At our knock, Antoine opened the door and gave us a flashing smile in greeting. We inquired as to why he had the shop closed. In response he pointed to a small, wizened old man sitting in a corner. The stranger's eyes glared like saucers from a death's head face and his head was completely bald. "This is mon pere, messieurs," Antoine said with a sweeping gesture. I felt a natural repulsion on looking at that sepulchral jumble of bones whose eyes seemed to

glare through us. Frank seemed more indiscreet, and immediately addressed the old man.

"Why, you must be Mombano," Frank exclaimed. "I have heard a little about you since I have been here and believe me, it has made me curious!"

The little man spoke no word, but from that moment on, his attention was attracted to Frank, for he never took his eyes off my friend during our visit. I couldn't have stood having those eyes on me. I suppose it is sort of cowardly of me; but I am not altogether ignorant of the papa loa and the horrors attributed to them. They are much the same as Africa's witch doctors who kill by suggestion, who are capable of inflicting torture by hypnotism, or can make the native slaves do their will by the same methods. They are veritable gods to their worshippers.

To get back to my narrative; Frank did not pay the least attention to Mombano's glare but talked with zest, keeping up a long line of chatter. However, the little man gained sufficient enlightenment from our eyes it seemed.

This was our first meeting with the mighty Mombano, and how I wish it had been our last! I began to notice, later, that Frank was always irritable when I spoke to him of leaving Haiti. Sometimes he would go out alone and not return for five or six hours. I knew that he was headed for trouble, but what could I do? I couldn't accompany him, for he resented my presence.

One night, later than usual, I sat in our room in the sweltering heat. Before me was one of Frank's most prized manuscripts about Mombano. I began to feel that he was seeing too much of that man who had an evil influence over him, and whose presence seemed to enhance my friend's recklessness. The hour was about eleven and the prodigal had not yet returned. I was frankly disturbed, for the streets of Aux Cayes are no safe place after sunset. Just as I was about to go to bed the door burst open and there stood Frank as excited as I had ever seen him.

"Carl!" he cried. "I've found it! I've found it!"

"What?" was all I could get out before he continued.

"For the last week I've been trailing old Mombano, and at last I've found out where he

conducts his ceremonies! There's a full moon tonight, and we'll see it if you follow me."

He was gone, and I after him, mainly to end his foolhardiness, and bring him back to the hotel. He gained the street, with me close to his heels. At the wharves he stopped, and turning to me, grinned widely.

"Now's our chance, Carl, to see a sight that is forbidden to the whites," he exclaimed lost in his anticipation. "Boy! What a story!"

I followed him to the outskirts of Aux Cayes, where, beyond some high rocks on the coast, he revealed a cave large enough for us to stand upright in.

"What's this?" I asked.

"Here's where old Mombano goes," said Frank, "every night. I have seen him bring no less than fifty natives with him at a time. I found another inlet in the cliffs behind Aux Cayes, as well."

"Did you ever think you might be walking into a trap?" I queried.

"Hah! No chance," he replied. "They haven't seen me once, and I've followed them almost every day."

"Yes, that's just it," I answered as we entered the cave. "It isn't natural for a papa loa to let any one know the ceremonial grounds, unless he has some private use for them. I wouldn't trust him."

Frank did not answer, but went ahead of me flashing his electric torch before him. At a sharp turn in the cave we came to a place where it branched into three tunnels. Frank took the central one which began to lead down. Suddenly we came to a flight of steps. Having climbed these, we continued indefinitely until at another bend in a tunnel, we ran into three huge negroes with hands clenching heavy clubs. Perhaps it was only my fright that made them look so big to me. One blow put both Frank and myself out of the picture. It was so utterly unexpected that neither of us had the opportunity to defend ourselves.

The first thing I remember was hearing the voices of a multitude chanting some wild song in rhythm with throbbing drums. My head was throbbing no less steadily than those tom-toms. My first glance revealed a great bonfire with hundreds of sweating negroes dancing about it in utter abandon. Before the fire I made out old Mombano with his hands upraised to the full moon above the jungle tree-tops. I shuddered involuntarily and became conscious of the ropes that bound me. Beside me lay Frank, trussed up the same as I, and gazing fearfully at Mombano. I wondered how long it had been since he came to. For the first time I saw fear in those happy-go-lucky eyes of his. Then I knew that he realized our fate, too. No white had ever lived after wit-

nessing this ceremony. We were sure to be one of old Mombano's sacrifices. We were lying outside the circle under one of the large cacao trees. I must admit that I was fully frightened. Frank became aware that I was conscious and began to whisper to me.

"Carl!" he hissed, trying to get my attention by nodding his head in one direction. I followed his movements and saw Antoine tied to a tree with his back badly lacerated by the torturing lash of the whips.

"He got that for trying to defend us," explained Frank. "We were slated for murder from the first time we saw Mombano, and I guess I stepped right into his trap! What a fool I turned out to be!"

As he spoke, two negroes came over to Antoine and released him, letting the huge black fall to the ground. My attention was then attracted to Mombano's wizardry. It is funny how one's panic can be forgotten by that magic called voodooism. After some time I felt a tug at my back, and I started from fright. However, I realized someone was cutting the ropes that bound my hands.

"M'sieur Carl," said the pain filled voice which I recognized as Antoine's, "make as few movements as possible."

I then heard Antoine crawl to where Frank lay. He was able to free him by the time I was out of my bonds.

"Après moi, messieurs," whispered Antoine, crawling into the flickering shade behind the cacao tree. I followed Frank. Suddenly Antoine froze, and whispered, "Don't move!"

My eyes were glued on Mombano who had turned around to face us. He had worked himself into a wild frenzy and was apparently glaring right through us. If I ever had heart failure it should have been then, for above the rising screams of the blacks I could hear that sepulchral papa loa's voice seeming to condemn us all. However, he soon turned to face the moon once more. He had not seen us, and we were safe for the present!

I was as limp and weak as a dishcloth after that, and as we cautiously made our way into the jungle my knees persisted in knocking steadily. Antoine, though sorely wounded, was able to lead us to the mouth of a cave which I at once guessed was an outlet of the one we had originally entered. As we stumbled down this we could hear the yells of the blacks becoming more and more distant. But before they were out of earshot we heard them stop altogether. It was fortunate that we did.

"Quick!" said Antoine, "they have discovered our escape, and will know where to look for us!"

We stumbled, ran, and fell down that dank,

narrow passage with Antoine in the lead. We began to hear cries behind us. Finally we came to an opening through which I could see the stars. To the right was a flight of stairs cut from the virgin rock of the cliff at which the tunnel ended. Below me I could see the lights of Aux Cayes and the sea. However, it would mean instant death to fall from that cliff, for, from our position it was about three hundred feet to the rocks and jungle below us. Antoine had to half push us down those precarious stairs. Finally the stairs submerged into another tunnel that went around in a semi-circular spiral. At last we came to the tunnel's mouth, and Frank suddenly realized that Antoine was gone. How long it had taken us to scramble through that tunnel neither of us knew, but we ran into the jungle expecting Antoine would follow.

We naturally looked up to the cliff when we were far enough away, and between the foliage saw Antoine battling with two negroes at the tunnel's mouth. We fully realized how long he must have held them back.

We saw his opponents finally deal him a smashing blow, which, in his precarious position, was fatal. We saw him fall over that cliff to disappear in the jungle below. One terrifying cry was all we heard.

Frank involuntarily put his hands to his face. Mine had long before broken out in a cold sweat. We then turned our face toward the west and struggled to make way through that heavy vegetation. Daybreak had not quite come, but the streets were filled with people. What a spectacle we two haggard men must have presented as we stumbled into our hotel. Frank and I fell on our beds, exhausted, and slept fitfully until sunset.

The next afternoon we saw Aux Cayes disappear behind the wall of water which we could see from our ship's rail. We had not spoken of our adventure since the ship had weighed anchor. Now a threatening black cloud hung over those fearsome hills behind Aux Cayes.

"That will be a story I will never write," said Frank as he turned to me.

"Never? I wonder," I mused. "Can it be?"

"The secrets that those hills hold will be closely guarded," Frank replied, his eyes filled with the reflection of that black cloud. "But come. The captain has asked us to his table for dinner. From now on we live."

This last speech is what brought us back to earth, and when we parted two years later, Frank to go to Africa, and I to the States, the adventure

was nearly forgotten. But when I saw the column in today's paper, the horrors were born anew, and I wonder when my time will come. This testimony will never be found unless I come to a violent death, for it will be well buried and hidden

New York, Sept. 6, 19—. "Mr. F. Cochrane, who was visiting Haiti for the purpose of acquiring objects of native art, was found dead in his hotel room today from unapparent causes, it was stated. Near his body, in the Port Au Prince Hotel, was found a clay amulet bearing the sole word "Mombano." This is probably one of the curios the eminent writer recently acquired there."

Chemistry Club

The Chemistry Club began its activities of the present school year on Wednesday, October 14, when a preliminary election was held. The following were elected to the Executive Committee: Paul H. Murphy, President; John L. Brosnan, Vice-President; and Michael M. Cooper, Secretary. Mr. Card of the Science Department is the faculty adviser.

The club is an informal organization, and meetings are held on the second and fourth Tuesdays of the month. Phases of applied chemistry that are not touched upon in the classroom are studied. Members of the club give lectures on subjects in which they are particularly interested.

The regular meetings in school are supplemented by trips to industrial plants in or near Boston. These always prove most interesting to all. Those students who are interested are invited to join the Chemistry Club.

D. M. K.

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The Seventh Stranger

By JOHN DE PICCOLELLIS, '37

The sheriff's wife and daughter were convinced that there had been a grave miscarriage of justice and that Bob Arnold was innocent. There was a doubt in the sheriff's mind, too. But a jury of twelve fair-minded Westerners had given him an unbiased trial and had found him guilty. He was to pay his debt to society at sunrise, on Friday the thirteenth. The day on which our story opens was Thursday, the twelfth. It was 6:00 P.M., supper time at Sundown.

Now the sheriff had been mistaken in six strangers in the thirty years that he had worn—and religiously polished—the sheriff's badge in Sundown. The first stranger was a bank thief. The sheriff buried him. The second one had looked the perfect gentleman but had hit the sheriff over the head with the butt of a .45 six-shooter but not nearly as hard as the sheriff had reciprocated. He buried the second stranger. Strangers three, four, five, and six had turned out to be bad ones. They, too, were given decent, Christian burial in Sundown. But the sheriff didn't intend to be taken in by stranger number seven, Bob Arnold by name. He went back over the facts in the case against Arnold. Nobody knew who Arnold was or from where he came. He had appeared in Sundown one day and had asked permission to take over the little, vacant cabin at the foot of the gulch. In Sundown they were not interested in who or what a man had been. But after he came—well, that was different.

Arnold moved into the little cabin. He seemed to be a quiet sociable chap. Of course he had heard the story of the golden nuggets that old Jim Ryan persisted in keeping in or near his isolated cabin in Shadow Valley. Every one within a radius of a hundred miles knew about old Jim and his nuggets.

One morning they found old Jim dead. It wasn't a pretty sight. Every one in Sundown had loved the quiet old prospector. There were footprints in the dried mud around the cabin, and an imprint in the mud revealed that there was a patch on the murderer's left shoe. It was unfortunate that Arnold's shoes fitted the prints in the mud to a T. It was still more unfortunate that he had a patch on his left shoe. He swore he knew nothing of the crime. To be sure, the footprints were his, and he had often dropped in

on old Jim when he passed by the cabin. But he hadn't seen old Jim for several days. You can't hang a man on evidence like footprints in the mud. However, an ambitious jury had felt differently about it. Tomorrow would be Friday the thirteenth, and the boys would be over at sunrise. The sheriff scratched his head and sighed. Decisions were hard to make some times.

Arnold had made a strange request of the sheriff when he had brought him his dinner. "They always grant a dying man his last request, sheriff. I don't suppose you're any different from the rest. I swear I had nothing to do with old Jim's death. I know I'll hang for it, though. So here is my last request. If I die, every one in Sundown will be satisfied; because they all believe me to be guilty. But you don't. I've seen doubt in your eyes at times. Hanging is an awful debt to pay for something you didn't do. Shooting is easier, quicker, and more merciful. Couldn't you, wouldn't you, when you bring me my supper tonight—it's my last one, remember—bend over the table and fix the dishes rather special. I could snatch your gun from your holster and . . . Please, sheriff. It's easier going that way. Think it over and decide by supper time."

And by supper time, the sheriff had decided. He arranged Arnold's supper on a tray and carried it across the road to the little table in the cell. He showed no sign of emotion when he felt Arnold slip the gun from the holster.

"Would you leave me alone for a time?" Arnold asked quietly. The Sheriff nodded and silently left the cell without a glance at Arnold. The jail door clanged shut after him.

Alone, Arnold examined the gun carefully to see if it had been tampered with. He even took the trouble to examine a cartridge after prying it open with a fork. Then, apparently satisfied, he sat down on the bed and waited for the sheriff's return.

The time, brief though it was, seemed an age to the taut nerves of the prisoner, but finally the door opened and the sheriff entered.

"Don't bother to shut the door, sheriff," called out Arnold. "I'll be leaving here just as soon as we change places. You fell for that lingo of mine, didn't you? I didn't mean to hurt old Jim; but

I wanted the nuggets, and so did he. Open that door pronto, sheriff; because if it isn't open when I count three, I'm going to shoot."

The sheriff scratched his head. "I'm afraid you're going to have a little bit of trouble firing that gun, Arnold. You see, before I gave it to you, I filed off the firing pin. I figured it out this way. If you really tried to kill yourself — —

and you didn't because I was watching you all the time through the window — — — I was going to have a long talk with the boys about you. Sometimes Justice is kind of blind and — — — but this time, I guess her eye sight is okay. Let me see. You're number seven on my list of strangers. . . ."

And at sunrise the boys gave a Christian burial to the seventh stranger.

Cruising The Corridors

The meteorologists (weather men to you) claim that last summer's drought did not get this far east, but they can't prove it by us. Look at this year's crop of whiffles. Some of 'em can't pass the quarter inch stage. . . . The new cafeteria will be finished soon, according to reports. It's some stuff, we'll say. . . . The football team under Jackie Daly seems headed for another swell season. . . . We hope you've noticed the nifty job Jim Drakos did with the football schedule near 156. . . . We're still wondering why everybody laughed when the instructor asked Bill Barry why he always answered one question with another. Barry came back with, "Why not?" . . . Tommy Nevin is buying candy daily from a certain Roslindale Square Shop. "The candy's sweeter," he says. Are you sure it's only the candy, Tom? . . . Lawrence Academy certainly benefited from last year's football team. Jimmie Daley, John Powers, Joe Spinelli, and Joe Ahern are all prancing on the Lawrence Academy oval this year. . . . Out at Boston College, Fritz Leahy, Tom Powers, Dick Olson, and Ducky Ryan are carrying out assignments with the freshman football squad. . . . Jimmy Powers, the *J. E. P.* of last year's *Record*, has been kind enough to give the staff some valuable pointers. We wish you were back, Jimmy. . . . Last year's first sergeants deserve a big hand for the fine job they did on the opening days; but then, they've been looking forward to that commission for four years. . . . The cheer leaders, Ryan, Nazzarro, and Larry Stone, are busy down in the drill hall these days instructing the freshmen in the proper way to root for the Blue and Blue. Judging by the sounds that break the stillness of our study hour, they're doing okay, too. . . . Hope you boys have

noticed that they're still checking up on last year's tardiness. . . . Some of the cadet officers look pretty snappy in their new uniforms, and do they know it! . . . The seniors may think the freshmen make a lot of faux pas, but what about the senior who takes the wrong lunch period? . . . We were out to Billings and were we surprised at the size of the Blue and Blue squad! Unquestionably this is a great tribute to the personality of Coach Ohrenberger. . . . We thought the boys were having a study period, they were so busy with their assignments. . . . Speaking of assignments. How would you like to "take out" a tackle like Jack Daly or a center like Paul Reddy. . . . There is something wonderfully invigorating about a grass drill at Billings. We enjoyed it from the sidelines. . . . Fred Astaire would find it difficult to twist and turn as do our broken field runners, Cuddy, Melaugh, and Williams. . . . And what an attack, boys—what an attack! We were ready for a game of jump-rope but found out that the rope was a charging dee-vice to keep the boys down below their opponents' center of gravity. . . . Incidentally it helps to keep the whif in whiffle—witness the close cropped line that we're fielding nowadays. . . . We wish that the ability of our boys to capitalize the single opportunity for scoring at Groton would carry over to the rest of the student body in the study hall. . . . They tell us that Jackie has fallen for a blonde, Brook line and sinker. Incidentally, he has a splashing good time summer and winter. . . . How about that swimming team, Jack? The four horsemen of the backfield have been practicing all summer, what with the bridle path and the riding they give the rest of us, they're all ready to go places.

J. H. C.

Lister Wharf

By RAYMOND GARRAN, '38

Lister Wharf, the most infamous spot on the waterfront, was pitch black except for the pilot light at its end, which emitted a sickly glow. Officer McCarthy disliked this spot, and for no paltry reason, either. Lister Wharf had been the scene of more than one unaccounted for murder.

"Faith, and I'll be leaving the force," he repeated to himself as he approached the high gated entrance, "before I'll pass another year on this beat! What's got into this place is beyond me; it's haunted, it is," he added as an afterthought. He unlocked the steel gates and began to traverse the long wharf, glancing fearfully from side to side as if he were apprehensive of the approach of a corpse.

His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the patter of footsteps running across the wharf in the direction of its warehouse. The warehouse was near the end, making it almost impossible for McCarthy to see any shadow against its dark bulk.

"Huh! It's them water front rats again," he said half aloud. "Well, I'll run 'em all in this time. Faith, and it's the fourth time I've warned 'em."

He began running towards the end of the wharf, club in hand. Experience had taught him that these desperadoes were nothing to fool with.

"Hey, there!" he cried. "Stop or I'll club you!"

All the answer he got was more scurrying, and now and then he caught sight of a moving shadow.

Officer McCarthy began to run faster. He cursed the inky darkness. How did he know when he might run off the end, or into the fists of one of those petty thieves. Suddenly, without warning he ran square into someone. The impact threw both his adversary and himself to the wharf. He heard a groan, and groping for a flashlight, turned its revealing glare on his opponent.

The light shone on a boy no more than fifteen years of age, who was leaning on his elbows and looking fearfully into the full glare of the torch. In one glance Officer McCarthy saw the boy's thin, haggard features, and ragged clothes. He then told the boy, gruffly, to get to his feet.

"So, ye thought ye'd get away, did ye?" queried McCarthy. "Well, I'll put ye where you'll stay for a long time."

"Gee, copper, I ain't swiped nothin'," said the boy, turning his frightened face toward McCarthy's.

"Huh! No? Well, you're trespassin' on private property and that means a fifty dollar fine or a three months stay behind the bars."

The boy's eyes widened, and he began to plead, "Honest, copper, I was only after a little coal for our stove. They've got lots here, and me and Grandma are freezin' to death. Can't ya let me go this once? I won't ever come again."

"Wait, boy," said McCarthy. "I must have hurt ye when I threw ye down!"

The captive put his hand to the blood oozing from a cut on his forehead, but the injury was forgotten in his anxiety. "Aw, it's nothin'," he replied. "But please let me go."

McCarthy ignored the plea. "Come with me, me boy. That's a nasty cut on your forehead. We'll have it fixed up."

At the druggist's, on Thirteenth Street, the still perturbed young captive had his head well bandaged. Soon McCarthy had him talking freely. He was John Mulligan and lived alone with his grandmother on Twelfth Street. McCarthy walked home with him down Twelfth Street and up into a shabby tenement to a cold garret that revealed dire poverty. Here he was welcomed by Johnny's grandmother, who was much disturbed over her grandson's misdemeanor.

As he left, McCarthy slipped Johnny a dollar bill. "It's all I have with me, but get some groceries," he whispered. "But don't let me catch you on Lister Wharf again, me son. It ain't proper for a Mulligan to be pilfering."

Johnny was earnest when he said, "Gee, I won't, I promise." Then he added, "Wait a minute!" He went to his bed and drew a baseball from under the pillow, which he handed to McCarthy. McCarthy noticed the autograph.

"McCarthy," said Johnny seriously, "here's my pledge. It's the best thing I ever got. Babe Ruth signed it for me, and I've never let anyone have it before."

"Aw, me boy, I won't need this. The Mulligan in ye tells me you'll keep your word," he replied with a smile.

But Johnny wouldn't take it back. He wanted to show McCarthy that he was in earnest and he succeeded. The big man smiled, began to feel a touch of friendship for the boy, said good-bye, and left.

For some months McCarthy cherished that baseball. He took quite a ribbing from the boys

at the station, but he retained the gift. Johnny and he became almost inseparable, and young Mulligan got a position of trust thanks to a good word from McCarthy.

One June night, an especially hot night, McCarthy was on his beat just nearing Lister Wharf. A thunder storm was brewing, and the hot air hung like a shroud on everything. Even the lap of the water seemed muffled, and the sounds from the Avenue were inaudible. As usual, he was tossing Johnny's baseball from one hand to the other.

McCarthy strolled up to the iron fence at the wharf, opened it with his key, and walked in. Just as he shut the gate behind him he noticed *two* lights at the end of the wharf. One, he knew, was the pilot light, but where did the other come from? There hadn't been any lighting on Lister Wharf for ten years or more. He dropped the ball he was carrying and began to run towards the warehouse. When he arrived there he perceived that the gleam was coming from a low set window in the warehouse itself. He peered in cautiously and saw three tough looking characters sitting on boxes, cutting open masses of bananas and taking small, black vials out of them. Dope! McCarthy recognized it at once. He drew out his service pistol and got ready to rush the door, when a gun was poked into his ribs.

"O.K., copper, gimme the gun," said a gruff voice at his shoulder, "and walk in quietly, or you'll be carried in—as a corpse!"

McCarthy whirled around, but his assailant anticipated the move and hit him a good blow on the head. Everything went black, and McCarthy knew no more. When he came to, he was lying on the floor of the warehouse, well tied and trussed securely.

"Huh! copper, so you've come to, eh?" said one of the more dangerous looking men of the four. "Well, it ain't gonna be for long. You're going for a nice cool swim in the river with a weight around your neck."

"Boss, shall I knock him off now?" asked another of the group.

"Naw, let him be. We'll drown him so that if his body is found they'll think it was an accident. Ha! copper, how's that?"

"It won't work, Marco," replied McCarthy grimly to the man he had so often seen in the line-up.

"Oh, ya know me? Well, ain't that nice!" retorted the leader.

"Yes, and so this dope ring of yours is your

reason for putting 'Snakey' Piccinello and Jimmy Harris out of the way, and leaving them right under the wharf, eh?" said McCarthy, blindly striking for a confession.

"So, ya guessed that, too? Smart copper," replied Marco with a sneer. "When guys like that try to horn in, it's the best treatment. The same goes for you; now you *are* too smart to live!"

McCarthy had virtually jumped from the frying pan into the fire, but he had plenty pinned on Marco and his gang. If only he could escape! However, he knew that bare chances were hopeless. He heard them open a trap door behind him, heard the swish of water, and then he was being dragged over to it. Suddenly he heard feet pounding on the dock. Marco looked up and yelled, "The cops!"

Before they had time to move, the door was smashed in and there stood Johnny Mulligan with twenty of the riot squad, all with guns leveled.

"McCarthy," shouted Johnny, running to his old friend and releasing him, "are you all right?"

"Saints preserve us, boy," said the officer looking from the sergeant's face to Johnny's, "Ye just came in the nick of time."

Turning to the cowering captives, he said, "There's that dope smugglin' outfit ye've been huntin', sergeant, and there's a few murderers among 'em, too. I've enough on 'em to convict them for life."

The policemen took out the prisoners, and then Johnny and McCarthy followed.

"Me boy, how'd ye ever find me?" asked McCarthy.

"Well, I had some lunch for you that Grandma put up, and I couldn't find you anywhere, so I came down to Lister Wharf. I knew ya must be around there somewhere. Just as I got here I saw a man go in the door of the warehouse. The light was against him and I could see the gun in his hand. Then I saw the baseball I'd given you, on the other side of the fence. So that clinched it; and I went to Riley on the corner, and he called the squad. I knew somethin' had happened when I saw that ball lyin' there."

"My boy, that's a fine piece of deduction and detection," replied the sergeant.

"Yes, Johnny, and you saved me from a watery grave," returned McCarthy, proudly patting young Mulligan's shoulder. "I knew you had the stuff it takes."

"Gee, I hope I can be a cop, too," interrupted Johnny gravely. "You must have a lot of excitement!"



Suspense



Converging on the Ball Carrier

ATHLETIC

Football Candidates

On September 11 at Billings Field, West of the city, a bang when 160 gridiron enthusiasts reported that the year's undefeated team received uniforms.

This year, the backfield will have plenty of speed. Williams, a fleet-footed shifty back; George McClelland, in the 200 yd. dash; and Paul Cuddy, another member of the quartet of speed merchants in the city. The defense that will have opposing backs worried.

Coach Ohrenberger says, "This year we have the fastest team in the city. The boys will whistle. I feel certain that this year's team will be the English High teams."

The Groton Game

Victorious in the first game of the season, the hitherto untried English Blue and Blue team showed its mettle by triumphing 7-6 over Groton School, on October 2nd.

With a clear advantage in everything but the score, Groton opened the second period with a forty-nine yard drive, only to lose the ball on the English nine yard line with a pass that did not succeed. On the first play after taking the ball on downs, a wide pass from center got away from Paul Cuddy, and rolled over the goal line, where Captain Pete Solbert of Groton corralled it for the opening score. George McClelland's placement try for the extra point was wide.

Four plays later, Ed Cowhig slashed through, partially blocking McClelland's punt. Cuddy snared the loose ball and ran forty yards for a touchdown to tie the score. Cowhig placed-kicked for the extra point.

This completed scoring operation for the day, and once again English had made the most of its scoring opportunities.

D. M. K.



Captain Jack

ENGLISH

Barry, l.e.
Gallagher, l.t.
DiDomenico (P. Re)
E. Reddy, c.
Costello, r.g.
Daly, r.t.
Halloran, r.e.
Cuddy (Stewart, An)
Williams, q.b.
J. Sullivan, l.h.b.
Williams (O'Brien)
Cowhig, f.b.
Score—English 0.	
Referee—Daly.	
—Maloney. Field	
Nine-minute periods	



Power Play



Among those helping the coach with the football team this year is Ryan, all stalwarts from last year's great team. Combining the best of both worlds, Ed Costello, veteran right guard, will do down his position in the forward wall.

C NOTES

ates Report

oxbury, the E. H. S. football season opened with
to Coach Ohrenberger. The 13 lettermen from last
immediately and the usual preliminary work began.
of class. In Gussie Sullivan, 600 yard man; Roy
e Melaugh, a State Meet and Reggie point winner
er track mainstay, English will present the best
ne, which averages about 175 pounds, will form a
ering whose stonewall they have bumped.
ive the makings of a powerful eleven. Our backfield
ll be in there fighting from the start to the closing
l maintain the high standards set by previous



Our Heroes



Coach Ohrenberger

English 0-Trade 0

Monday, October 12, was a day of discovery in more ways than one. The powerful English High team discovered that Trade school had a line and a backfield that was determined to shatter the long winning streak enjoyed by the Blue and Blue. And was it Blue Monday? Even the dust clouds billowed a bluish tinge to the fray.

The first quarter was largely a punting duel without any noticeable advantage on either side. Late in the period, Williams broke away for 12 yards to Trade's 19.

The second period began with the ball on Trade's 19 in English's possession. Two of Williams' aerial thrusts failed and Trade took over. Near the close of the quarter Trade just missed scoring, when English's line hurled back their opponents twice and Halloran recovered a fumble. The half ended without any scoring.

The third and fourth periods found the teams engaged in a kicking duel. Not until late in the last quarter did English begin an offensive. By virtue of a Williams to Cowhig pass the Blue and Blue carried to Trade's 38 yard line. Here three passes and a line buck failed to gain and Trade took possession of the ball. A few seconds later, the game ended, with the score still English 0—Trade 0.



Jack Daly

TRADE

.....r.e., Peters
.....r.t., Lombardelli
.....l.g., r.g., Hansen
.....c., Tramontozzi
l.g., Kureab (Paciewicz)
.....l.t., Devereaux
.....l.e., Silva
Paciewicz, Carter,
.....q.b., Mulkern (Redd)
.....r.h.b., Politakis
.....l.h.b., Lombardi
.....f.b., Gromberg
Trade 0.
Upire—Clark. Linesman
dge—Sullivan. Time—

Swivel Hips



He's Away!



ball candidates were McPhail, Olson, Powers, and
... Paul Cuddy should be one of the most versatile
l with his speed is his ability at kicking and passing
ost of the punting this year in addition to holding



Swingtime

The bands, at eve, begin to swing.
From coast to coast the echoes ring
With Goodman's clarinet so sweet,
That lures the dancer's eager feet.

And Dorsey's golden trombones smooth,
Sore, jangled nerves so quickly sooth.
H. Busse's torrid trumpet shrill,
The cup of joy for some will fill.

But scores Lombardo's sweetness praise
When he his limpid music plays.
Wayne King, with dreamy waltzes slow,
Fans memories, long-dead, aglow.

Ben Bernie's lads set some afire,
And few, of Vallee ever tire.
Ray Noble, with his English crew,
Brings to these shores an accent new.

Hal Kemp's staccato notes beat on
Till dancers greet the rosy dawn.
Thus Radio with magic pow'rs
Beguiles away the tedious hours.

J. H. C.



What Is This Thing Called Jazz?

By ALCOTT J. LARSSON, '37

Many people have wondered how jazz was introduced to the United States. Numerous theories have been advanced, but none satisfactorily explains its source. Allow me to present an explanation which I believe correct, but for whose authenticity, unfortunately, I cannot vouch.

The time when jazz had its humble beginnings is uncertain, but it may be safe to assume that it occurred in the early part of the twentieth century on an island, where, as our story opens, we find seven stranded men considering their sad plight. Suddenly their attention was transferred to a strange box washed up on the shore, which, on being opened, revealed seven zithers. One of the men, Jasper Atsaphine, knew how to play this instrument and volunteered to instruct his friends. They had no music, of course, but this predicament was quickly overcome when one of the group found ten cents in his pocket. As this was the only money they had, the great song hit "Your Dime is My Dime" instantly sprang into being. Another man called Vorhees, (no relation to the present orchestra leader of the same name) a likeable red head, has been immortalized in that old-time favorite and swingtime encore, "Vorhees a Jolly Good Fellow." Vorhees, however, had one bad habit. He persisted in attempting to sell the radiators which had been washed up on the shore to the natives at sundown. The inimitable Jasper capitalized this business enterprise of good old Red with a plaintive little ballad entitled "Red Sells in the Sunset" and it proved to be a push-over for both Red and the Red-iators. "Atsaphine music," said Red, "Zither orta go over big."

After much debate, "Jasper Atsaphine's Zither Symphony" was declared to be the official name of the organization. This proved difficult to say and soon only the initial letters J.A.Z.S. were used. Later for the sake of euphony, these letters

developed into our modern word jazz.

Our jazz boys now became aware of their danger and considered various ways to deceive the cannibals, who would soon be ready for a feast. They finally arrived at the conclusion that they should play continuously, on the basis that, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast."

Today, some people after hearing jazz, call it by its old name and say, "Atsaphine music." However, the cannibals were not of this opinion, for, tired of hearing the instruments played incessantly, they seized the music and several of the zithers and threw them into a whirlpool. "Atsaphine song hit," cried Jasper, always eager for an opportunity to broadcast; and together they chanted that whirlpool dirge "The Music Goes Down and 'Round."

Bereft of instruments, they procured tin vessels, pipes, stones, and other tuneful bric-a-brac and with the strains of the soothing zither as a background, they played as they never had played before. Strangely enough, this revised orchestra proved more irritating to the savages than the other, and in desperation, they seized the gentlemen and prepared for a feast.

Things looked gloomy; the kettles were boiling; the salt and pepper were on the table, and the savages were dancing. The worst had come, but the chef was willing to grant their last tearful request. They immediately asked for their instruments, this time on the hunch that music would stop the savage feast. With hope in their eyes, they commenced playing. Suddenly they disappeared, leaving behind them an astonished, wide-eyed group of natives. The explanation is simple. In a moment of inspiration they played and vanished into thin air on the "Wings of Song" bringing to the United States that type of music called jazz. Will wonders ever cease?

Policeman (to any boy but an E.H.S. pupil): "This is the third night I've caught you breaking into this store. What's the story?"

Boy: "My mother asked me to get her a dress for her birthday, and I've had to change it a couple of times."

Lately a man complained that one of our band boys was practicing his trombone in bed. He didn't object to the tone of the instrument, but what he did object to was the pounding on the ceiling below when our aspiring youth hit the low notes.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Did you ever stop to think how important photography is? Why, if it were not for photography you would not be able to behold your fair countenance in the yearbook; you would even forget how Aunt Minnie looks, and memories of your old girl friend would pass into obscurity. Yes indeed, folks, we could hardly get along without those great reminders in the family album.

Believe it or not (apologies to Mr. Ripley), the first step taken in photography was in 1556 (history students:—at this date France and Spain began to mix it up). In this year the effect of light on horn silver was observed by a man named Fabricius. Since that time photography has played an important part in the lives of men.

One of the most modern developments of this century is color photography, in which great strides are being made. The whole thing in a nutshell is the taking of one photograph on three plates of red, blue, and green. The intensities of these are scientifically adjusted to produce any desired color effect. Red passes through the lens of the camera and affects only the "red plate"; blue passes through the lens and affects only the "blue plate"; etc. These three "plates" together give the correct color response and therefore result in a colored negative. These "plates" are so sensitive that the flashing color scheme of a senior's tie or sock would probably ruin them.

This negative is excellent for a colored projection on a screen, but can not be used to make colored pictures.

Phototopography (no—the printer didn't make a mistake), the art of making topographic maps from pictures taken from an airplane, is extremely helpful. It saves time, much expense, and the trouble of surveying. Maps can be made in hours, where it would take weeks, maybe months, to make them otherwise. With this type of surveying you could even put Squeedunk High School "on the map."

In the good old days (oh yeah?) grandma and grandpa posed many minutes so that you might have a picture of them pasted in your album. Before their time it took hours to take a picture of their Uncle Ned's cow barn. Now, pictures are not only taken in the flash of an eyelash, but much faster! The "speed" of the photographic shutter has been so increased that an exposure of 1/50,000 of a second can "catch" a mosquito in a nosedive for your ear. Bullets can be photographed in midair, golf balls as they leave the tee, light bulbs in the act of breaking, and many other bits of rapid action can be caught by the camera eye for our interested study and appreciation. With a "speed" as fast as that, you could even photograph the flash of an E. H. S. boy as he leaves the building at two thirty-four—and that's some speed.

D. B.

The Record Photography Staff

Last year, photography was used in the E. H. S. *Record* very effectively. Since then it has become an important feature of the magazine. The *Record* photography staff is composed of ace photographers who have been interested in photography for a number of years. As the pictures indicate, they are quite proficient in handling a camera. They receive helpful hints from Mr.

Ford of the science department, a gentleman who has been playing with developer and hypo since he was knee high to a grasshopper. The staff is open to our readers' suggestions and will appreciate any criticism and comment which may contribute toward a better photographic section of the *Record*.

D. B.

The Photography Club

The Photography Club will hold its first meeting in the near future. It will elect its own officers and conduct its meetings under the supervision of Mr. Ford of the physics department. The developing of negatives and printing of pictures will be taught along with many other interesting and

practical things concerning photography. The members choose their topics and talk on them. Practical demonstrations of methods of procedure are given by the boys. A knowledge of photography is not necessary for membership in this organization.

D. B.

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English High School

Again Northeastern University School of Law reports that more members of the entering class this fall are alumni of English High School than of any other one high school. Among recent graduates of E. H. S. who are Freshmen at Northeastern this year are: Class of 1936 — Leo R. Albert, Mattapan; Leo Blacker, Dorchester; Algart P. Jacobson, Dorchester; William P. McNamara, Brighton; Morris Nierman, Dorchester; John J. Ridge, Boston; Joseph M. Tommasino, Boston; and Benjamin Wax, Boston.

Class of 1935: Albert H. Brown, Jr., Roslindale; Francis X. Driscoll, Allston; George Frank, Roxbury; Albert Goldstein, Boston; Morris

Kaplan, Dorchester; Stephen G. Ritterbush, Boston.

Class of 1934: George E. Loughran, Brighton; John F. Ryan, Roxbury; David Weinshanker, Dorchester.

Also among E. H. S. alumni in the Class of 1940 at the School of Law are Edward M. Higgins, Dorchester; Francis E. Barrett, Milton; Frank A. Flynn, South Boston; Hyman Tarko, Roxbury; James J. Trayers, Charlestown; John G. Tighe, Dorchester; and Nathan Vanzler, Mattapan. Dr. Abraham Gurvitz of Brookline, who graduated from Tufts Dental School after attending English High School, is now entering upon his study of law.

Boy: "What's the Board of Education, Pa?"

Father: "It used to be a pine shingle in the days I went to school, son."

Teacher: "Well, Jones, you got a zero in that test I gave the other day."

Jones: "That means nothing to me."



BASEBALL CHAMPIONS OF 1936

The Closing Bell

It's Friday and Block Four.
 Low voice and soft demand,
 In murmur both do blend,
 Although they all are banned.

The masters now and then
 Admonish guilty ones
 And warn them to behave,
 As fathers warn their sons;

Accustomed we are to
 This known, established fact —
 That boys indulge in pranks
 While teachers wrathful act.

Strange, silence suddenly
 Holds all in its tight grip;
 A tenseness stiffens each
 One sitting with still'd lip.

Why were they silent? Was
 The answer in the clock
 Which they kept peering at?
 But hark! a noise! a shock!

A bell rang loud and clear,
 Of silence there was naught:
 Boys leaped from chairs and in
 The aisle for places fought.

They raced on towards the doors;
 All records then they burst.
 Who won the race? Why, sure,
 The seniors. They were first.

C. J. H.

Stadium Lament

My pet hate's a football player.
His bulk looms so large and grim.
He's encased in padded armor,
Silk makes swivel hips look trim.
Blue and Blue streamlines his torso,
Helmet crowns his handsome head,
Every inch a man, and more so
How I wish that he were dead.

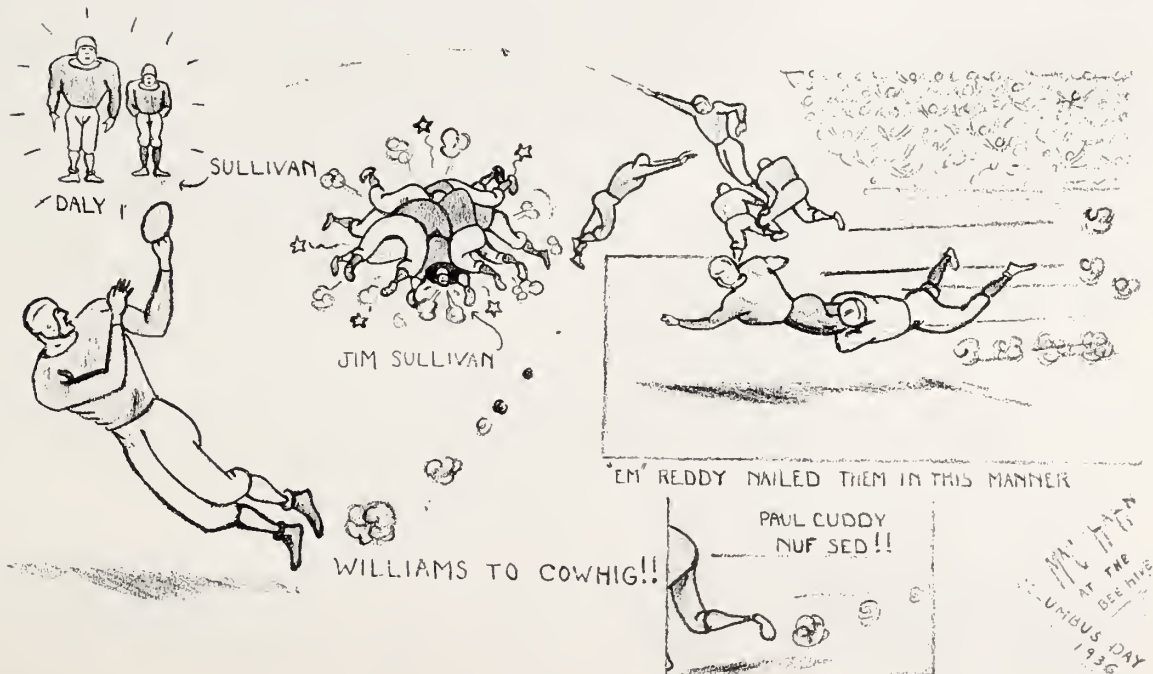
When he throws a pass delightful,
How the stands let out a roar.
His fan mail is something frightful.
Oh, I hate him more and more.
Then he kicks a looping long one
And the pressmen all acclaim,
"With a ball, can that young man run!"
Oh, desperation, such makes fame.

He's the cause of all my sorrow,
He has given me much woe,
For I know upon the morrow,
My girl's heart from me will go.
She has fallen, oh how madly,
For the glamour of his deeds.
Even now she gazes gladly
As he toward the goal line speeds.

When he romps across that wide line,
How my heart grows weak and sad!
Shivers creep along my poor spine,
But I must not feel so bad.
Time will heal my broken heart string,
Not for mine the scoffer's seat.
I will take her where they're dancing,
There her hero she shall meet.

I am happy, now so happy,
Fate has tossed me up a pair.
Behind the eight ball I felt sappy.
Now, I have my lady fair—
For that half back—oh so daring,
On the dance floor was no wow—
Couldn't swing time with Fred Waring.
She and I are steady now.

J. H. C.



ENGLISH HUMOR

Science Teacher: "Recently there has been developed a ruler so accurate that it is possible to measure to a millionth of an inch."

Pupil: "That's nothing; most fellows who run auto-park lots can do that with their eyes."

Teacher: "Boys, you should all be doctors. A recent survey shows that the average American family pays the doctor about \$25 yearly."

Pupil in Rear: "I bet that's news to the doctor."

Teacher: "What made the walls of Jericho fall down?"

Pupil: "The Music Went 'Round and 'Round."

Boy (after doing bookkeeping): "There must be something wrong with this because it checks."

Pupil: "I don't think the jokes in this *Record* are as funny as those in last year's paper."

Editor: "They should be; these are the same jokes."

Science Teacher: "When the barometer falls suddenly what is that a sign of?"

Pupil: "That the nail's come out."

Freshman Hygiene class.

Teacher: "It's not sanitary to lick the glued side of a postage stamp."

Pupil: "But if you lick the other side, it takes such a long time for it to soak through."

Teacher: "Science is continually delving into the deep dark field of research. Why even now they are trying to find a new use for tobacco."

Pupil: "Why don't they try putting it in five-cent cigars?"

Freshman: "Why do so many people go to New York to see Broadway?"

Senior: "Because they wouldn't find it anywhere else, of course."

1st Pupil: "That boy over there hasn't done anything all period."

2nd Pupil: "How do you know?"

1st Pupil: "I've been sitting here watching him."

Senior: "I guess I'll ask that professional mind reader to the Prom."

Passer-by: "I wonder how she'll like her vacation, if she goes."

Teacher: "Boys, remember that whatever happens you must always hold on to your ideal."

Senior: "Even when I'm driving?"

An elderly gentleman called at E.H.S. one day and asked for his grandson. He couldn't understand when they told him that his grandson had been excused to go to his funeral.

Man: "I can't eat this steak. Get me the manager."

Waiter: "Why bother, sir, he tried unsuccessfully last week."

SAY! I COULD WRITE
AS GOOD AS THIS IF
I HAD A MIND TO.

SURE, BUT THAT'S
EXACTLY WHAT
YOU LACK!



Locked in a school, a boy threw a small pocket dictionary out of the window. This, however, attracted no attention. It seems that words failed him.

Man: "Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

Waiter: "Don't be stingy, you won't miss all he drinks."

Gasoline must have a tender foot. Many people are killed each year by stepping on it.

Man: "What's this in my soup?"

Waiter: "Don't ask me, I'm no bug expert."

If a man can use a typewriter with a sore hand he must be making out a bill.

Trainer: "Why, this lion is so tame that he'll eat right off my hand."

Spectator: "Watch out he doesn't eat your hand right off."

Last minute arrival at Columbus Day game: "What's the score?"

E.H.S. Fan: "Nothing to nothing."

Arrival: "Boy! This must be a good game."

Fan: "I don't know; it hasn't started yet."

Boy, joyously coming home from school: "Whoopee, I got a hundred."

Proud Father: "In what subject son?"

Boy: "Three: Math, 50%, English, 30%, and French, 20%."

Freshman: "What's going on here?"

Senior: "A track meet. The first man to finish gets a prize."

Freshman: "Then what are all the rest running for?"

Teacher: "What are the three words school boys use most?"

Pupil: "I don't know."

Teacher: "That's correct."



Nature is a marvelous thing. She didn't know 10,000 years ago, that we were going to wear glasses, yet look where she put our ears.

Doctor: "My boy, you have a temperature."

Boy: "How high?"

Doctor: "101."

Boy: "What's the record?"

Teacher: "How would you divide four potatoes among five people?"

Boy: "Mash them."

Teacher: "Which pine has the longest needles?"

Pupil: "Porcupine."

1st Player: "That visiting team's line held like a fence with wooden braces."

2nd Player: "It should; they're all blockheads."

The boys in the drawing class spend their time drawing nice houses, but while they draw they think of the blonde they would like to have live there.

The Wagon Train

By GEORGE KITTREDGE, '37

The leader raised his arm, turned in the saddle, shouted to the wagon train, and led the lumbering prairie schooners to their position for the night. As darkness came, the gleam of the camp fires cast a glow on every face; everywhere was happiness and the joyous expectation of a land of golden promise out there beyond. The first day's journey beyond the outposts of civilization had passed, the first of many days like this when nothing but the prairie would stretch before them, undulating like the waves of a placid sea.

Soon the fires flickered and went out. Two hours later all was still save for the muffled cllop, cllop of the sentry's horse.

All was still, but Martha couldn't sleep. It wasn't the fear of Indians, or the memories of her Ohio home, or even the memories of her long dead father and mother; it was something vague and indistinct that made her restless. Finally, unable to sleep she arose, stepped down from the wagon, and gazed out over the prairie.

The waving grasses of the prairie soothed her. Stretching away into the darkness they rustled and whispered a song of courage in the breeze.

The quiet sound of the sentry's horse came nearer, became louder, and then stopped about twenty feet away from her. Drowsily she watched the rider put his rifle in its sheath, dismount, and reach into his pockets. A match flared, and the face of a young man was illuminated for a few brief seconds before his cigarette began to glow.

Martha was startled into wakefulness. He was the young man who had helped her with her bundles on that last day of shopping in the settlement. It was he who had helped Uncle Joe to fix the wagon wheel. Randle Davidson was his name, she remembered; and Uncle Joe had said that he'd make his mark in the world.

Suddenly she decided that she had been outside long enough, and started to re-enter the wagon.

"Who's there!" The young man snatched his rifle from its sheath and started forward. An oval face peered up at him, and a girl of about nineteen rose to her feet and answered, "Martha Colings."

His hat was in his hand. "You shouldn't be out at this time of night, Miss Colings; I almost took you for an Indian. You'd better get back

to your bed, ma'am; you almost got yourself shot."

"I thought the Indians were all peaceful now; that's what Uncle Joe said."

"Well, ma'am, we got a long day tomorrow, an' you'd best get some shut-eye. Good night, Miss."

"Good night," Martha called back softly.

Davidson stood watching her disappear within the wagon. Then he replaced his hat and turned back slowly to his horse.

Dawn had come and gone. The caravan was once more on its way; and Martha, alone in the wagon she shared with Aunt Mary, was driving the team of sturdy horses. Looking back to the second of Uncle Joe's two wagons, she could see Uncle Joe seated beside Aunt Mary. They made a peaceful picture, she thought, a contented picture, full of confidence, faith, and love for one another. Smiling wistfully, she faced front again, thinking of Randle Davidson and the picture he and she could make journeying together to the land of golden promise in the West. Strange that she should think of Randle Davidson, she quickly reminded herself; but not so strange, she reflected, considering that he was the nicest looking man she had ever met. Not the handsomest, but a man with his character in his face.

A man's voice broke in upon her thoughts, and her heart seemed to pound almost audibly as she answered his cheerful "Morning, Miss Colings."

"Good morning Mr. Davidson. Did you get enough sleep last night?" She smiled and two tiny dimples suddenly appeared. Davidson thought he had never seen anyone look so pleasant.

"Sure. I turned in as soon as somebody relieved me. Ah—may I ride with you today?"

Days passed rapidly, as the miles were left behind. Late one afternoon the wagons drew round the site chosen for a camp. For a short time there was bustle and activity, then everyone settled down. The camp was tidied up, and the hum and drone of friendly conversation settled over all.

Near the Colings' wagon Randle was standing beside Martha. Walking to the end of the wagon he fished out a stick and added one more notch.

"Forty, Rand?"

"Yup. Forty days," he sighed a little wearily.

He, like everyone else was gaunt and lean. During those days of endless travel he had been Martha's constant companion; during those days their acquaintance had ripened to form an intimate friendship. Now, he lightly touched her arm and pointed to a bench-like box placed against the wagon. In silence they sat down side by side.

As twilight deepened into dusk all movement ceased. Far off it seemed a lone guitar strummed softly.

"Randle," whispered Martha. "Isn't it wonderful?" Her eyes were wide as she gazed dreamily

at the peaceful scene.

"Yes, Martha, wonderful." Tenderly he put his arm about her and gently drew her head against his shoulder. She sighed contentedly and nestled against him, raising her eyes to his. They looked at each other for one long moment, then slowly he bent his head and their lips met.

"I love you, Martha," he whispered softly; "and when we get to Oregon and I have a home—stead near your Uncle Joe's, will you—will you marry me?"

"Yes, Randy. I love you too," she stated simply.

Didya Hear This One?

By JOHN DE PICCOLELLIS, '37

One of the permanent pets on a certain ocean liner was a parrot. For many voyages, the bird had made the transatlantic crossing. He was a wise bird, had seen a lot of the world and of the ways of men, and was getting a bit bored with life.

One of the most boresome experiences for Poll on every trip was the amateur show that was staged the last night on ship board. The parrot's cage hung in the main salon, where these amateur shows were held, and in what might be termed the "wings" of the improvised stage where the "performers" did their stuff.

Most of the entertainers were non-professionals drawn from the passenger list—and Poll had seen some terrible shows. He had got so that he would stick his head under one wing and go to sleep whenever he saw the passenger audience gather for one of these last-night-aboard shows.

But on the particular occasion with which our story deals, the parrot had been asleep before the show began. He awoke when the audience burst into loud applause at the first trick of a professional magician, who happened to be on board and who had agreed to entertain.

Just as Poll got his eyes open, the magician was placing a large handkerchief over a bowl of goldfish. He whisked it off—and *the fish had disappeared!* The parrot yawned, blinked, stretched, and sat up to take an interest in the show.

He saw the magician cut a woman in halves;

saw him spread a table cloth over another woman, whisk it off—and *she had disappeared!* Then he saw him make four persons disappear in like manner. Next, the entertainer called for twelve volunteers from the audience for the crowning act of this performance. By this time the parrot was wide awake and watching closely.

The magician spread a huge white cloth over the dozen persons, made a few passes in the air, said some magic words, and snapped his fingers; and there followed a terrific explosion. The ship had blown up! *Everything had disappeared!*

The scene changes. The water is strewn with wreckage, in the midst of which, clinging to a lone spar, is the parrot, dazed, ruffled and wet. Slowly he regains his senses, shakes off the water, clears his brain with a shake of his head, and looks around.

Suddenly, up out of the water before his eyes pops a wildly clutching hand and then a head—the head of the magician. Poll recognizes the performer and glues his eyes to the tricky hand. But it goes down; the head, too, disappears. Then it comes up again—and goes down. A third time the magician rises and sinks while Poll watches intently.

But the hand and the head of the magician do not reappear; and after waiting for several minutes, the parrot flaps his wings and croaks in raucous voice, before sticking his head under his wing for a snooze, "It's a darn good act!"



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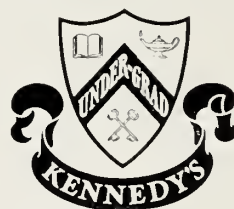
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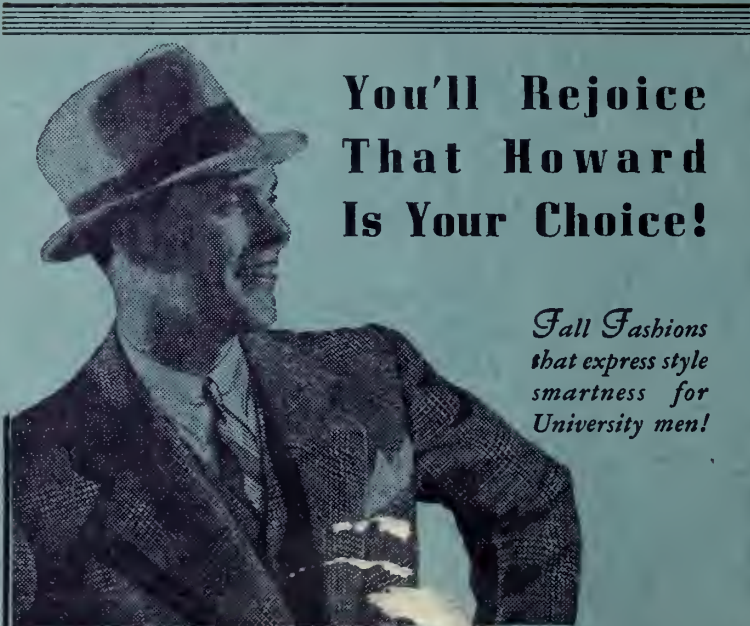
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